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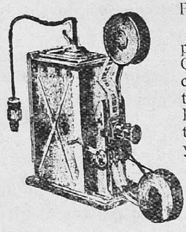

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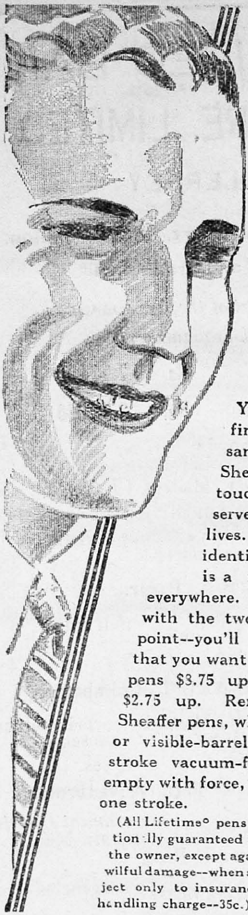

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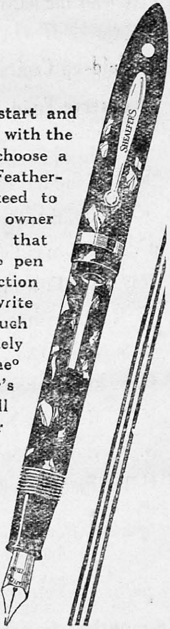

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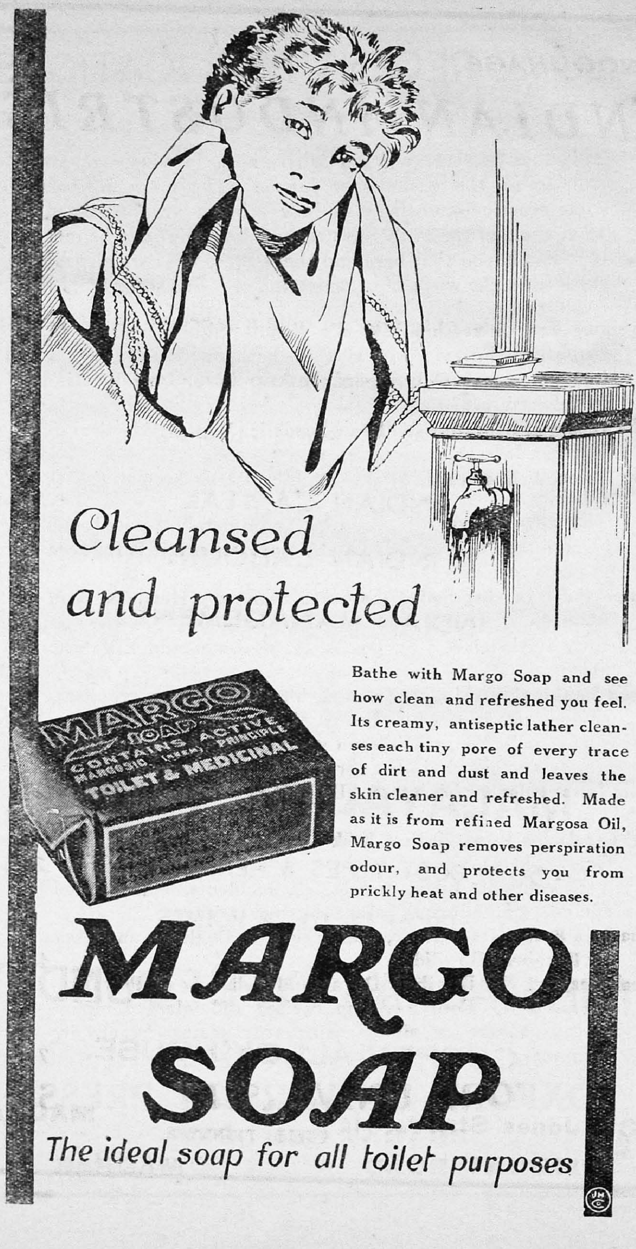
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Bricriu-Bitter-Tongue

BY JAMES H. COUSINS

NOTE

The story of Bricriu's Feast and its sequel in the quest of Cuchulain for the lost sons of Doel Dermait come from old manuscripts in the Irish language. English translations of them have been published by the Irish Texts Society and others. Some writers have retold the stories for the simple pleasure of those who love stories—as the Irish people do to the extent of making a story if they cannot find one at hand, and improving one already told. I have done both, but in the present instance am doing the latter.

The stories of the mythos have also been subjected to comparative mythological criticism by scholars continental and insular. Such study concerns itself mainly with textual cross-references and comparison of characters and incidents both inside and outside the Irish cycles. Interpretation more than an inch deep is not permitted. Catholicism and Protestantism reserve revelation from the inner worlds to themselves. The most of meaning that was allowed to be indulged in was a mild rationalisation that went no further than the representation of diurnal and seasonal phenomena. But Sir John Rhys, with free mind, reconstructed the old Celtic religion; and M. D'Arbois de Jubainville, with the logic of the French mind, saw that the stories passed beyond logic into the region of creative imagination and were illuminated by both cosmological and psychological intuition.

The two poets of the Irish Literary Revival, AE and Yeats, between the two stools of Catholicism and Protestantism came to the ground of reality, and made the stories rational by making them real: real not as facts which are the shadows cast by reality, but real as figurative codes by which the soul can signal its adventures and discoveries in its own realm to its delegates or exiles in this outer darkness. I too came to the ground and made my own discoveries, and communicated them in my own way. This retelling of one of the bardic tales is one of my ways.

The Greeks, as Yeats reminded us in his preface thirty years ago to Lady Gregory's "Cuchulain of Muirthemne," called the myths the activities of the daemons or sub-celestial spirits; but I think he got nearer the truth when, out of his own experience, he once said to me that myth is vision in action. There is indeed no worth-while expression that is not preceded and accompanied by reception. AE, in "Song and its Fountains," has told us how the personifications of the Irish myths became to him living personages, and their stories adumbrations of inner light. In "The House of the Titana" he says:

> These myths were born
> Out of the spirit of man, and drew their meaning
> From that unplumbed profundity. I think
> In after ages they will speak to us
> With deeper voices and meanings.

Not only so, but that "unplumbed profundity" is still as profound and unplumbed, and will itself now speak to us if we have ears to hear; and will move us to the creation of new myths that will disclose the secrets hidden from thought and unreached by feeling, but communicable to the intuition and imagination if we but cut ourselves away from the lineage of Ananias and wash our mouths with the flame of purification.

My attempt, therefore, to elaborate the significance of a character in Irish mythology, and through him to throw an interpretative light on an ancient but ever modern story, is not simply a literary exercise based on a cold set of ideas. It is a collaboration of my own experience and intuition with the racial, psychological and spiritual origins of the myths. It is not possible here to develop the implications of this statement. Some time, when circumstances permit, I shall add my own testimony to that of AE that the personages of the Irish mythos are not creations of primitive imagination only, but reactions of imagination to reality; that the Gods and Goddesses are not dead, but, in the Mystery of Life, are

both the deathless creators and creations of man's dreams of them.

I count it among the half dozen culminations of my life to have shared with those two magicians in song whom I have named the secret hidden from all but a few of our contemporaries, the secret of the living reality behind our racial heritage of myth, which is the basic and most lasting element in a nation's life. In the poems of my young manhood, "The Going Forth of Dana" and "The Marriage of Lir and Niav," I did but translate sibylline intimations into contemporary verse. In "The Sleep of the King" and "Etain the Beloved" I retold ancient stories in the light of the idealism that fired the revival of poetry and drama in Ireland before the impressive but premature realism of Synge deflected the movement on to the left-hand path. In the Indian summer of my present incarnation the Spirit of the Mythos calls again. I answer its call with my eyes still responsive to the inner radiance, but with my ears assaulted by the clamours of the time, and my voice in this poem touched with "the maliciousness of truth." Before the time comes to join the deeper music that from this side is called silence, I hope to retell Cuchulain's deliverance of the imprisoned sons of Eternity, and thus to set an offering of Danaan light on the altar of Fomorian darkness. *J. H. C.*

I

1

My name is Bricriu-Bitter-Tongue.
I won that piece of praise when young,
Because, in childhood's naked way,
I said what elders could not say;
And laughed when reddened eyeballs rolled
Resentfully at tales I told—
Rolled, not because my truth was true,
And light at dark its challenge threw;
But that my shining arrow laughed
Across the wincing eyes of craft,
And ruthlessly as sunlight found
Some secret shame. Fix on a hound
An ugly name, it sticks, they say;
And mine has stuck down to this day,
Though all shall know me in the end
The ultimate heart-easing friend

Whose seeming-bitter laugh and word
Are charged with cleansing, like the curd,
And wash bone-clean, for all to see,
The structure of reality.

2

I have ignored the touch of time,
Because my feet have learned to climb
A hidden hill where time is done
Above the rounds of moon and sun ;
Where only can the soul escape
The torts and shades of time and shape,
And simple hands grow skilled to hold
The secret of the manifold.

3

Out of my dateless realm I gaze
Into this world of little days,
Man's pigmy deeds' preposterous toll,
Outside the mearings of the soul—
Outside the realm where truth is true,
And hands their perfect service do,
Being immediate to fulfil
The mandate of the spirit's will
Undazzled by the marish fire
Glozing the bogs of dark desire.

4

Many a song of me is sung
In stories that are always young
Through spirit-life they draw from me,
The soul's world-troubling shanachie;
Who would awaken from the clod
The drugged, discrowned and grovelling god,
By mixing through his earthly schemes
The agony of heavenly dreams.

5

Here now, my mummer's kit unpacked,
I shall a story re-enact,
So near the heart of vision cast
Who knows if now, or ages past,

Haps it, or happened, or afar
Under a yet unkindled star?—
For tales whose purport is perdue
Are never old, and never new.

II

1

Hard by the swirled salt-savoured race
That washes weed and carapace
Edging Loch Rory's narrowed tide
—Or by a water only spied
When thought's dense cloud is off the mind;
And Dagda's voice is on the wind—
I lay once more a royal mess
For Conchubar the son of Ness,
Crowned Uladh, and the hero-twelve
Whose hands reach always for the helve;
Those braggart babes whose wisdom knows
No argument but deadly blows
That crowd the cloudy human coasts
With hungry uncompleted ghosts
Who pass along from age to age
Infection of frustrated rage.

2

Behold, behind this dream-thin wall,
My new-created feasting-hall,
—Fashioned, to serve my fancy's feud,
In Emain's proud similitude—
Where torch by torch enkindled lights
The valour of the Red Branch knights
In broidered mantle, pleated kilt,
Loud-laughing—but with hand on hilt.

3

Mark you above its lintel spread
A symbol-branch of veinous red—
Ah! not the blossom silver-white
That put enchantment on the sight

And hearing of sea-travelled Bran,
Till through his brain swift slumber ran
With news of a god-quiet shore,
Whereto he pulled his eager oar;
Or that slim stem with apples hung
Whose golden music, slowly rung
In ears of Cormac son of Art,
Made him with wife and children part,
Paying the price whereby to gain
The branch whose ringing cancels pain,
Because its chime can only bless
The soul's disinterestedness:—
Not these, through which clear wisdom calls,
But that from whose dank leafage falls
Unfruitful strife's unfructuous shower,
The bloody heraldry of power.

4

Set round my ready table see
The proud Ultonian chivalry;
Brave babes whose eyes are stuffed with sleep
When Macha's Curse begins to creep
Across the land, and rots their pith—
All but the Watch-dog of the Smith,
Whose deeds far poets will recall
As sequel to this festival:
For he will break through fancy's veil
Past the mere telling of the tale,
Into a deeper tale whose scroll
Bears the rich saga of the soul;
And he will lift, as said the sage,
An ancient sky-born lineage
That from its native heaven fell
Into a self-created hell.

5

Backed is each knight by blazoned shield
Dented on many a boasted field.

Racked, stacked, at arm's-reach, spear and sword
Laugh at the lie of fear ignored,
Ready to ratify with steel
The doctrine of the imbecile
That peace can only count on life
When thewed and mailed and armed for strife.

6

Think not, though sounds of conflict cease,
The heroes link their hands in peace.
That silence is the slavered mood
Of beasts anticipant of food;
The heart gone ashy; and the mind
A kernel in a thickening rind
Out of low satisfactions wrought;
Impenetrable by a thought
From any side; impenetrable
Save by the wolf-tongued words that swell
Infantile pride, or words that dent
The shield of power's aggrandisement.

7

If this indictment you deny,
Hark you their answer to my cry
That could the brain's pulsation sway,
But these will read the muscled way;
    Who will the champion's portion claim,
    And hang aloft his hero-name?
Mark you their answer this way flung:
    Ha! there speaks Bricriu-bitter-tongue!
Triumphant fools! their mouths confess
The taste of their own bitterness,
The curdled mood that in their veins
The hand to weapon-speech constrains;
While those who walk on quiet feet,
Sweet-blooded, find all tastings sweet.

8

In rattling haste the shield is clasped.
Seized steel on resting steel is rasped.

Fierce fates with dire words are enwound,
Till, hark! a sudden silver sound
The hall with audible moonlight fills,
And the heroic hubbub stills;
For Conchubar, on words that ruck
Taut passion's tympanum, has struck
The rod of silence none may jar
Save the great voice of Conchubar
My ear should tend did I not own
Allegience to an older throne
Whose adamantine roots are curled
Round the foundations of the world.
There speaks the King—
O Bitter-tongue!
O venomed speech! why have you stung
With hint of ancient enmity
The promise of our revelry?
What malice barbs your biting tooth?

Sire, the maliciousness of truth!
And that nude answer is enough,
Being the hard-grained lignum-stuff
Stripped of soft foliage and bark
That make concession to the dark
By shutting out from jaundiced sight
The bitter-sweet cathartic light.
Let their stained conscience give to me
Its own self-guilty soubriquet;
Let stand the chants of Bricriu's fights
A jest among the Red Branch knights;
I am content to be the sleuth
Nose-down upon the track of truth,
Laughing disaster to devise
For solemn hierarchies of lies,
And gnawing towards its tottering hour
The roof-tree of Fomorian power,
Beyond whose ruin lies the plan
Founding the realm of God-in-Man.
My tongue has never learned the trick
Played by suborned neat rhetoric,

Around reality to throw
Spider-pretence. I only know,
He who in heart heroic stands
Scorns the crude valour of the hands,
Nor for red record blindly wrought
Would barter knightliness of thought;
Or, when old wrongs demand redress
From sceptred power's imperiousness,
Would flash, in eyes that richly feel,
The pauper argument of steel.
So much I know—yet know that each
Hears but his heart's familiar speech
When life desirously is stirred.
Hid in that oak a brooding bird
Answers across the singing lands
The one sure voice she understands,—
As these will answer when again
I set the test of gods to men,
And strip to gaze of sun and star
Not what they seem, but what they are:
He who would eat a hero's food
Must first his hero-name make good.

9

Look you! the agile blood is up!
Forgot are platter now and cup.
A deeper frenzy fires the brain
To slay than to devour things slain.
Lightly they barter board and spense
For truculent magnificence;—
Which thing the thankful gods acclaim
As far-off kinship with the Flame,
Counting the ardours of affray
A step beyond the lusts of clay,
A step towards radiance reachable
Through many a heaven and many a hell
In chanted and enchanted tale
By god-eyed *file* of the Gael
Who shall to inner ears unfold
A story never new or old.

10

Well might one think, from swirling stoor,
Each hurried to a paramour.
Ah no! that blood-bewitching stress
Has yet a touch of tenderness,
Some dream around a burdened face
Soft with solicitude of race.
But this self-animated, dense
Perversion of omnipotence;
This power that makes by demon-craft
Of living branch a deadly shaft,
And gives to stones in whirling slings
Invisible but fatal wings;
This drastic will, divinely aired,
The Whole has with its fragment shared,
Would set, untroubled by the soul,
Its fragment will against the Whole,
And make, by fratricidal strife,
Armed life the mortal foe of Life.

11

Now swing their kilts in the dread dance
Of agitated arrogance.
Now shall the heart of Ireland hear
The thunder of the charioteer;
The hissing of the night-wind's whips
Doubled between his puckered lips;
And in the trees a dusty blast
From brazen wheels—a wind that passed
And touseled their up-standing lines,
And swung their heads in wild designs
Known only to such powers as sway
Round a stiff anchorage in clay.

12

Look you! respondent to my goad
Some straightly take the westward road,
Mixing with stars their hoof-shot turf.
They by the loud Atlantic surf,

Where cloud-steeds ramp in golden yokes,
And crimson vastly circling spokes
Red-axled on the quivering main
Signal that Lugh rides forth again,
Shall halt where night on snoring shores
Had oozed globed sweat from stellar pores,
And on the morrow prove their breed
By dazzling or disastrous deed.
And some, less travel-set, will breathe
The hay-sweet air of royal Meath,
But tanged with reek of mingled blood
When crash and snap and curse and thud
Count out a life gone vainly by
For the defection of an eye
A hair's-breadth from the springing foot
Of a more cunning brother-brute.

13

Aha! there goes old Culain's hound!
Heading for Connacht! testy ground
That will put songs on poets' staves
Full of hard blows and sudden graves;
For he will come on Eochu Rond;
And that wise fool will force a bond
To find what freak made Dermait's sons
Leave their own land. For thus it runs
In stories one can only hear
Aright when knowledge cancels fear;
And battle-axe and sword and knife
Are symbols of the spirit's strife;
Ancestral tales that must be sung
Free from all bitterness of tongue,
Because their utterings disguise
The wisdom of the heavenly wise,
As this deep tale I garb in speech
Now that the rout is out of reach,
And birth and life and death fulfil
The fiat of the ancient will.

III

1

In that high realm, remote, obscure,
Where dwell the Ever-living Ones,
Dreaming the dream that shall endure,
Dwelt Doel Dermait and his sons;
Ancestral One, ancestored Three,
So mixed in purpose, mind and mood,
No blade could slit their mystery
Of progeny and parenthood.

2

One from bent boughs of hoary thought
Wind-scattered sheddings harvested.
One their essential oozings caught
And mingled in a draught that fed
One's ashless ever-smouldering fire
Of will's insatiable stress—
To warm and light their arctic sire,
The Beetle of Forgetfulness.

3

While thus the ageless sire and sons
In self-sufficiency abide,
No vital wind of rapture runs
Along life's oarless, waveless tide.
Earthward no thrill of man and wife
Veils humanly a heavenly task;
Nor heavenward stretch, nor hellward strife,
Celestial spur or snaffle ask.

4

So, while dim Doel Dermait nods
In sleep no tumult can disturb,
The otiose but eager gods
Fidget like chargers on the curb
Dreaming beyond their lisses' walls
Of rataplan or shrilling fife
That the intrepid spirit calls
Into the clashing lists of life.

5

Until at last a hidden hand
Lets loose the subtle secret thing
That can alone through space expand
The vastly folded scarab wing.
"To tell a secret is not right,"
Mongan, reborn, to Caoilte said;
Nor dare I bare to human sight
More of the secret casketed

6

Than this: that on a day of days,
A day filled full of earthly years,
The gods fell silent in amaze,
For there had crashed against their ears
The sound that, swiftly understood,
All hearts from hell to heaven stuns,
The cry of anguished parenthood,
Of stricken sire for vanished sons.

7

Ah! who but he who sagely sings
A rann concealed beneath his rhyme
Can fasten on eternal things
The terminology of time,
And tell to ears to trifles bent
The burden of that awful cry
That flung across the firmament
The universal question, *Why?*

8

Powers now, that long were gagged and pent,
Crowded once more creation's chine,
And to and fro their tidings sent
Between demoniac and divine.
In myriad mortal cloak and mask
Immortal wonderment is dressed.
A myriad tongues the question ask
That, answered, gains the gift of rest.

9

In Connacht—thus the story runs—
A king of slow but heavy hand
Shall ask and ask why Dermait's sons
For exile left their native land;
Until Cuchulain, on a troth,
Shall jar King Eochu's royalty,
And, roundly cursed by humbled wrath,
Set forth to find the exiled three.

10

Oh! he will find them; he whose eye
Flames now towards his relieving deed;
And find the craft that can untie
The spirit's from the body's need:
He will unchain the time-bound hordes;
Unloose to song the tied of tongue,
And set all furrowed faces towards
The Country of the Ever-young.

11

For when the knights, mead-heady, blinked
Round Dectire in marriage-mirth,
Her answering mether subtly linked
Begettings of both sun and earth,
When to her draught a sun-flake flew,
Borne earthwards on a may-fly's wing,
And mixed the father-fire of Lugh
With Prince Sualtim's husbanding.

12

And when her Son of Heaven came,
Bird-heralded by rainbowed plume,
He blent the core of clay and flame
Into one equal heavenly doom,
One starry end to dream and deed
Whose chanted annals shall unroll
One tale for opened eyes to read—
The vast adventure of the soul.

NOTES

I. 3. Shanachie, a story-teller.

II. 1. Loch Rory is Strangford Lough in Country Down. The ebb and flow of the tide are strongly emphasised at its mouth. Much history is involved in the change of name from the Irish to the Scandinavian.

Dagda is the All-Father of the ancient Irish religion; the Brahma of Vedic religion.

Conchubar, the head of the chivalric order, the Red Branch of Ulster, came to the throne of that province when very young through a stratagem of his ambitious mother Nessa. The Red Branch was led by twelve famous warriors, of whom two only are prominent in this story, Cuchulain and Bricriu-bitter-tongue, with a passing reference to Eochu Rond, who becomes prominent in the second story of the cycle, "The Curse of Eochu Rond."

II. 2. According to legend Bricriu had spent a year in preparations for his feast to the Red Branch, including the building of a feasting-hall in imitation of the royal splendour of Emain Macha, the headquarters of the Order.

II. 3. Bran, son of Febal, is one of a number of voyagers to the islands where the Tuatha De Danaan, the Irish Gods and Goddesses, live, that is, the Irish heaven-world.

Cormac, son of Art, was High King (Ard Righ) of Ireland, it is said, in the second century after Christ, two centuries after the supposed dates of Conchubar and Cuchulain. The apparent anachronism of the reference in the poem arises from the imaginative fact that Bricriu is re-creating the story today with all the past in his memory.

"The bloody heraldry of power" is the red branch symbolising conquest by force, in contrast with the silver and golden branches symbolising the persuasive powers of the spirit.

II. 4. Ultonian, also Ulidian, the adjectival form of the province, Uladh, later Ulster.

Macha's Curse. (Maw'ha) Macha, the Irish war-goddess, in revenge for a wrong done to her, put on the men of Uladh the curse of child-bed pains in times of crisis. But Cuchulain, "the watch-dog of the smith," who was absent when the curse was pronounced, was free from it. It was prophesied of him that he would find the lost sons of Doel Dermait and restore them to their proper place.

II. 8. "The Fomorians are the gods of ignorance, as of death and night," says De Jubainville in "The Irish Mythological Cycle."

II. 9. File, pron. fee-lay, Irish for poets.

II. 10. Stoor is North Irish for dust.

II. 12. Lugh, the Irish sun-god (Apollo, Surya).

Royal Meath was the fifth province: its revenues went to the High King.

II. 13. Culain's hound—Cuchulain.

Connacht, the western province of Ireland.

Eochu Rond, King of Connacht, who wore a chain of gold (rond) in his hair.

Dermait's sons: the three sons of the "Beetle of Forgetfulness," related to the Egyptian scarabeus and Shelley's Demogorgon, efforts to express the same response to the universe as the space-time-continuum of the modern scientists, and the *kala-desa* (duration-extension) of Vedic philosophy.

III. This section of the poem is the present shanachie's attempt, in the guise of Bricriu-bitter-tongue, to re-create imaginatively the psychological content behind the exoteric versions of the Irish myth-tales.

III. 4. Liss, Irish for a homestead.

III. 5. Mongan, a reincarnation of Find Mac Cumaill, as the old story says, rebuked his reborn companion when the latter in a heated moment spoke of their previous lives—a fact which indicates something deeper than mere nature-reaction in the mythos.

III. 7. Rann, Irish for a poem: but some ranns had special powers and meanings attributed to them.

III. 11. Mead-heady, mether: excited with wine made from honey, drunk from a cup called a mether (mead-er).

Dectire, (Deck'ti-ray) sister and charioteer of Conchubar, at the feast in celebration of her marriage with Prince Sualtim, unknowingly swallowed a may-fly in the draught of mead which she drank in response to the greetings of the knights. That night in a dream, Lugh, the sun-god, appeared to her, and told her he was in the may-fly. The birth of her son, Setanta, afterwards Cuchulain, was heralded by mysterious birds. From these mythological circumstances Cuchulain was subsequently regarded as both son of a man and son of a god. The obvious parallel of this with the double paternity of Jesus Christ and Sri Krishna, and other deific figures in world-religion, points to Cuchulain as an Irish *avatar*, and invests his story with deeper significances than sunrise and sunset.

The foregoing notes are not the material of the poem. They are helps to others to share details of my imaginative inheritance which have been since my youth as intimate in my mind as theirs to them. My treatment of the poem is as spontaneous as anything can be spontaneous to anyone who has learned and thought and experienced.

J. H. C.

Chingiz-Khan.

BY NICHOLAS ROERICH

WHEN Chingiz-Khan was born, his mother was no longer the favourite of the Khan and, therefore, the child found no love in the heart of his father, who sent him to a far-off estate. There, when he had grown into manhood, Chingiz-Khan gathered round him others who were unloved and began to lead an aimless life. He seized arms and bond-maids, went hunting and sent no reports about his life to his father, the Khan.

One day, when perhaps drunk with kumiss, Chingiz-Khan made a pact with his friends that they should follow him in all things till death parted them. Then he ordered a whizzing arrow to be made, and commanded his servants to lead out the horses. They mounted—and this is how Chingiz-Khan began his work:

He rode into the steppes and approached his droves of horses. Suddenly he sped his whizzing arrow, striking his best and fleetest horse. A horse is valued as a treasure among Tartars. Some of his friends hesitated to kill their horses and they were beheaded.

Once more Chingiz-Khan went to the steppes and again let fly his whizzing arrow. This time he struck one of his wives. Not all would follow his example. Then those who were afraid were immediately beheaded. The friends were frightened. But he had bound them by an oath to follow him till death.

Then rode Chingiz-Khan toward his father's droves of horses. He sent his whizzing arrow into his father's horse and all his friends did the same. Thus Chingiz-Khan prepared his friends to work with him and tried his men. Not loved, but feared was Chingiz-Khan. Truly clever was Chingiz-Khan!

One day Chingiz-Khan planned great doings. He rode to his father's camp and sent a whizzing arrow into his father's heart. All the friends of Chingiz-Khan followed his example. The old Khan was killed by all the people! And Chingiz-Khan became the Khan of the Great Horde. Truly clever was Chingiz-Khan!

The Khans of the neighbouring Empire were not pleased with Chingiz-Khan. They looked disdainfully on the young man and sent an arrogant messenger demanding all his best horses, all the arms set with precious stones and adorned with gold—all the treasures of the Khan. Hearing these demands Chingiz-Khan bowed to the messenger.

Then Chingiz-Khan summoned all his men to a council. His counsellors argued together loudly: it was impossible to fight

over horses. And all that was demanded of him Chingiz-Khan sent to the neighbouring Khans. Truly cunning was Chingiz-Khan!

Swollen with pride, the Khans of the neighbouring Empire now demanded that all Chingiz' wives should be sent to them. The counsellors protested loudly, they pitied the wives of the Khan and threatened to start war. Again Chingiz-Khan dismissed these counsellors and sent all his wives to the neighbouring Empire. Truly cunning was Chingiz-Khan!

The Khans of the neighbouring Empire were proud beyond measure. They considered the men of Chingiz-Khan cowards; they insulted and abused the people of the Great Horde; and in their pride they took the guards away from the frontier. The Khans amused themselves with Chingiz' wives and rode his horses, while wrath against them grew stronger in the Great Horde.

Suddenly, Chingiz-Khan rose up by night, ordered his men to follow him on horseback, and attacked the Khans of the Neighbouring Empire, taking captive all their people. He took all the treasures, arms and horses back again; back he took his wives.

The victory of Chingiz Khan was praised by his counsellors. And Chingiz-Khan said to his eldest son Otokay: 'Know how to make people proud, and pride will make them stupid. Then wilt thou master them". Throughout the Great Horde the Khan was praised. Truly clever was Chingiz-Khan!

And Chingiz-Khan enjoined the Great Horde eternally to keep these precepts: "He who covets a wife—shall be beheaded. He who blasphemes—shall be beheaded. He who takes others' property—shall be beheaded. He who kills a peaceful man—shall be beheaded. He who passes over to the enemy—shall be beheaded."

Soon the name of Chingiz-Khan was honoured everywhere. All the princes feared Chingiz-Khan. As never before the wealth of the Great Horde grew. Each man had many wives. They dressed in silk cloth, and ate and drank exceedingly well. Truly, always clever was Chingiz-Khan!

Chingiz-Khan saw far ahead. He ordered his friends to tear the silken cloth, to feign that they are ailing from good eating. Let the people, as of old, drink milk; let them dress in skins as of old; so the Great Horde might not weaken! Truly clever was our Chingiz-Khan!

The Great Horde was always ready for battle. And Chingiz-Khan would suddenly lead it into the steppes. He conquered all the steppes of Taourmen. He took possession of all the deserts of Mongolia. He vanquished all China and Tibet. He seized all land from the Red Sea to the Caspian. Such was Chingiz-Khan!

A Day with the Poet Laureate of Japan.

BY G. VENKATACHALAM

LONG winding alleys. Interminable little villas behind low wooden fences. Silhouettes of house-tops amidst the silences of trees. This is Sakurayama, once a secluded suburb and now a part of the Greater Tokyo.

Here, in his Japanese home, surrounded by a wee-bit of a Japanese garden, lives Yone Noguchi, the poet of Japan, not in retirement but in active life.

A University professor putting in several hours of work a week; an author of repute in perpetual demand by printers and publishers; a critic of established fame guiding the artistic endeavours of his country, Yone Noguchi is quite a busy man.

In his silent study, dressed in his native *kimono* and squatting on the soft *tatami* floor before a low lacquered desk, he spends his days, day-dreaming or preparing lectures for his students or correcting his manuscripts.

The fragile paper-panelled room, with its sliding screens, roll-picture and a single flower flaming from the sacred alcove, is serenely reposeful. The sun-lit garden with its pebbled-pathways, stone lanterns, laughing azelias and weeping wistarias, lies enchanting outside.

The whole atmosphere is impressively Japanese. The only disturbing element seems to me to be the curling smoke from the cigarettes the poet incessantly smokes. "It's just habit of my American days", he confesses.

He is no recluse, this dreamer of dreams. His house resounds with the laughter of happy children; Reiko San, Yatako San and Satsuki San, three charming girls, pride of their parents, greet you with their sunny smiles and charm you with their beautiful behaviour. Madame Noguchi plays the part of silent hostess in the inimitable way of a daughter of the *samurai*.

It is the fashion among a certain section of westernised Japanese to have at least one room in their homes furnished in the European style, with sofas and chairs, teapoys and tables, framed pictures and plaster figures.

Into such an over-crowded room the visitor is first conducted by the servant-maid. Portraits of the poet painted by famous

painters peep from the paper-walls. Bust studies of Yone Noguchi modelled by well-known sculptors adorn the corners. Book-shelves are filled with autographed copies of eminent writers, dedicated volumes of contemporaries and the first editions of the poet's works.

Here Noguchi meets his guests and entertains them to talk and tea. After the formalities are over, and if the visit is not casual, he guides his foreign friends through his lovely home and garden.

" In this room Tagore stayed when he was my guest ", he would proudly point out. " This room was Dr. Cousins' when he spent week-ends with me ". " From here you get a better view of the garden "; " This is an original colour-print of Utamaro "— and thus by the time he has taken you round and shown his home and objects of art, you have known something of the man, his simple traits and his greatness.

A quiet, gentle unassuming man, he affects no poses. Extremely friendly, he talks freely and frankly on all subjects, on poets and politicians, on cabbages and kings.

" What do you think of the militarist clique in your Government ? ", I asked him, wishing to know his views on the much-discussed Manchukuo question.

" I don't bother myself about Governments ", he replied without hesitation and without any mental reservation. " They are all bad the world over, and they don't interest me ".

" Civilisation cannot be saved by our politicians ; they are mischief makers ", he said to me, on another occasion, with conviction as if he had said the last word on the subject.

" He is a great fellow ", he exclaimed, when I told him that Tagore was planning a visit with his artist-pupils to Japan.

" It's your turn to visit India ", I suggested. " I have an invitation already from your country and another from America and I am quite undecided about it " he answered.

" Well, let it be India first ", was my request.

Noguchi is a poet and critic of international reputation. His first poems in English first saw the light of day in American periodicals when he sojourned in that land as a young student. His slender books of verses like " The Voice of the Valley " " Seen and Unseen " " The Summer Clouds " were warmly received by poets like Joaquin Miller and others in America.

Later he toured Europe and gave lectures on Japanese Literature in Oxford, Paris and other universities. His publications,

"The Spirit of Japanese Poetry", "Through the Torii", "Lafcadio Hearn in Japan", "The Spirit of Japanese Art" were well received in both the continents and brought him the friendship of many great writers and critics.

It is as a critic of Japanese art, he is more widely known and appreciated. His monographs on Hokusai, Hiroshige, Utamaro, Korin and others had several editions in Japan, America and Europe.

"The American Diary of a Japanese Girl" "The Pilgrimage" and "The Story of Yone Noguchi'; are fine introductions to an understanding of the Japanese mind, as they reflect not only their author's genius but that of his race. A prolific writer in his own mother tongue, he has over thirty books to his credit in Japanese.

Four names stand out among the makers of modern Cultural Nippon, who, at a psychological moment, gave the right lead to the newly awakened impulses of the Meiji Era as the result of East meeting West: Ernest Fenollosa, the American philosopher-friend of Japanese culture; Kakuzo Okakura, the prophet and father of the Meiji renaissance; Gaho Hashimoto and Hogai Kano, rightful heirs to the traditions and styles of Sesshu and Sesson and the last great masters of the Kano School.

Today, Yokoyama Taikan, the painter and Yone Noguchi, the poet, are bravely carrying on the work of those pioneers. Taikan came to India, at the invitaton of Tagore, and taught Indian artists Japanese technique, and the present visit of Noguchi, it is to be hoped. will bring about a better cultural understanding between India and Japan.

Life in an English School.

BY MRS. TAIT

This interesting descriptive account of life in an English School, which was given as a lecture before the Literary and Debating society of the local Motilal High School, will be read with interest not only by the teachers and pupils but also by parents, and several desirable features described in it are capable of easy application in Indian Schools also.—*Editor*.

EDUCATION in England and Scotland is compulsory and generally speaking, is free, at least until the child goes on to Higher Grade Schools, some of which are also free. The Higher Grade is usually reached when the child is about 12 years of age.

The law compels parents to send children to school when they reach the age of 5 years and absences throughout the child's school career are watched very carefully by the authorities for which purpose there are official attendance or rather non-attendance officers. It is a serious offence for a parent to keep a child away from school without good reason, such as sickness; there is a very strong control over all matters pertaining to school-life and nothing is left to chance. The rich and poor must all attend schools even the beggar children and wanderers like gypsies.

Generally speaking, children leave school when they are about 14 or 15 years of age, unless they proceed to Higher Grade and thereafter a very large percentage will attend evening classes which, however, are voluntary.

The educational laws apply equally to boys and girls, and boys and girls are taught together, practically throughout the whole school career the teachers may be either ladies or gentlemen. There is no caste-system in England, such as you have in India. All are Christians, although, of course, there are subsections in the religion. There are Roman Catholics and Protestants, and the points given here relate to the latter, although possibly they apply equally well to the former.

The average English School day commences at 9 a. m., and terminates at 4-30 p.m.; in England there is plenty of time for 'play' after school, throughout summer, as it is still quite bright or clear enough outdoors until 9 and sometimes 10 p. m. In winter, it may be dark by 6 p. m. As already mentioned, schools are generally mixed, i. e., boys and girls attend the same schools and even the same classes. They have separate play-grounds, however. Imagine, therefore, an average day about 8-30 or

8-45 a. m., the play-ground well filled with children—boys in their own area and girls in theirs, all amusing themselves according to fancy; there is not much indulgence in games at this hour, which in England is considered early. The average child probably rises later in the morning than you do and is later in going to bed because there is light so much longer.

At 5 minutes to 9, one of the teachers, (we will call them masters and mistresses in order to differentiate between the ladies and gentlemen), blows a whistle and sounds as though he means business. Every child must stand stock still wherever he or she may be, inside the school precincts; this signal is a warning that play must stop and the more serious work of the day begin. The second whistle is sounded one minute after the first and all children run to their proper places in files according to the Form in which he or she is being taught; each child, of course, knows beforehand exactly where the particular class or Form is to be found. Every movement is carried out with military precision—smartly and as noiselessly as possible. It is an axiom in England, that there can be no serious work where there is noise, and children soon learn when Silence is Golden. Should any pupil break the golden rule by being slow or noisy, he or she may be punished by having to miss an interval or having to write out a passage in literature. The latter is a popular form of punishment in England, popular with teachers but not with pupils, who, after all, prefer playing games to writing out hundred lines of Shakespeare.

Four Masters and Mistresses stand in front of their respective Forms to maintain order. One Master and one Mistress are chosen weekly to give Elementary Physical Instruction; while the pupils stand in files, a few simple arm-raising and knee-bending exercises are done. Such exercises do some good physically, but possibly more good is derived from the training the child derives in obeying a word of command and concentrating on a definite action. A few minutes earlier, each child was amusing himself or herself according to his or her wishes, but out of chaos has come order and everyone is now ready for school proper.

At a given signal the pupils march file by file into the spacious cloak-rooms; there they stand until the Headmaster, who is sitting at a piano in the Central Hall of the School, plays a marching song. Keeping time to the music each file advances according to the Form, until this Central Hall is filled; as before, everything is done smartly and without noise. Hymn books are passed round by responsible pupils from each Form, the Headmaster announces the number of the Hymn, plays the air or melody on the piano, and then all sing lustily. The English are

a music-loving race and the effect of so many young enthusiasts singing lustily is wonderful: the hymns are of a religious nature, and the pupils, even the youngest, show the reverence which is due. Anyone hearing this singing for the first time would be agreeably surprised. It is followed by the Lord's Prayer uttered with due reverence, and the hymn books are then collected by the same responsible pupils.

I might take this opportunity of explaining what I mean by 'responsible pupils'. In the most Senior Class of an English School a group ot '*Prefects*' is formed; these prefects are boys and girls who are reputed to be the most worthy characters in the class. They are chosen by the teacher, who may appoint from four to six. The prefect work in pairs, two one week, two the next week, and so on. Certain responsible duties are allocated to these prefects, such as, going to the various class-rooms each day to make a note of the number present and incidentally the number absent. Further, during the intervals the prefects stand in the cloak-rooms to ensure that children do not run in and out of the school-building to the play-ground. It is one of the duties of the prefects to record the names of all late-comers by ordering them to write out so many 'lines' of literature. Prefects also announce any special hall-assemblies as required by the Head-master. They ring the bell at the end of each period and at the close of the school day. You all appreciate, therefore, that being a prefect is an honourable and much-coveted position. A prefect works whole-heartedly for the Master of the school. His watch-word is '*Service*'. He or she wears a badge with the word *Prefect* marked on it. It is said that to err is human so that if a prefect does err, he or she is deposed, which of course, is very humiliating, much more so than never to have been a prefect at all.

Then, in addition to prefects, there are 'monitors' who, in effect, are really prefects in embryo. In individual classes throuh-out the school, the worthy pupils are selected by the teacher to act as monitors, their duties being confined to the class-room. The monitors carry out little duties for the master or mistress, i.e., they open or shut windows, attend to flower vases, fill ink-wells, sharpen pencils, clean black-boards, distribute and collect exercise books, and are responsible for the maintenance of order in the class-room during any temporary absence of the teacher. The pupils learn to obey these monitors and prefects as representatives of authorities in the school. They know that any flouting of the authorities of these duly appointed 'assistants' will be punished. The monitors may be changed at the discretion of the teacher and either a boy or a girl may be given the coveted honour. The system is of benefit to all concerned, the prefects

and monitors are trained in service and control, while the pupils learn to respect authority, a very important feature in school life in England.

But to revert to the real subject, viz., the opening of the School day. You will remember that the hymn books were collected by responsible pupils called 'prefects'. The pupils then prepare to march to their respective classes radiating from the central hall. The signal for leading off is given by the Headmaster, who again plays a rousing marching air on the piano. The children's march is most impressive, the rythm is perfect and the marching air being played makes it easy for the children to keep time to the music and keep step just as soldiers would. The average English child loves this sort of thing which, to some extent, may account for the tremendous popularity of children's organisations like Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, etc.

The morning interlude lasts about ten minutes.

But now to work -- the children fill into their class-rooms and go to their seats -- they must keep standing, of course, until the leader tells them to sit down. An average Class or Form may be assumed to consist of 45 pupils including both boys and girls.

The teacher then marks the attendance in the register, which, however, is kept open for half an hour in case any child should be late; if a child has been unavoidably detained and can furnish a satisfactory excuse for being late, then he or she will receive his or her attendance mark -- this attendance mark means a lot to the pupil concerned and of course to the school.

Two minutes are allowed for calling the roll, after which there is religious instruction until 9-30 a. m. Quite a lot of ground is covered in the short space of time allowed for religious teaching, and once each year an examination on this subject is conducted at the school by prominent people, usually ministers of religion.

The English school day is divided into periods of varying duration, some 30 minutes and some 40. It is absolutely essential to adhere strictly to the time-table fixed, since the hours are fixed in such a way that if one class happened to be detained other classes would immediately be thrown out of gear. The time-table varies daily, i. e., certain subjects are taken at certain times, say, Monday; but both the subject and the time vary on Tuesday; the pupils know in advance, of course, what subject to expect at different times and can prepare accordingly. The average time-table might be Religious Instruction, Arithmetic, English, Nature Study, Science, Mathemetics, Art, Music, History, Geography, Wood-work for boys, and Needle-work for girls. English is a wider subject than name implies, it embraces several kindred subjects such as Poetry, Composition, or Essay-writing.

Pencils are seldom used except for drawing and from an early age, pupils become familiar with the use of pen and ink. It is surprising how neatly pupils can set down an Arithmetic problem; these remarks apply generally to English schools, because in Scotland pencils are used for rapid exercises or rough work on jotters or coarse exercise or copy books. Pens are used more for finished book-work. The Scotish method enables a pupil to work much more quickly and the teacher is, therefore, able to cover a wider field and do more examples than is possible if neat work is to be done using ink and pen.

There are two intervals per day—one from 11 to 11-10 in the forenoon, and the one in the afternoon being from 3 to 3-5 p. m. Children file out and in, as already described, the only difference being that at the intervals no music is played. As I have indicated that the music assists in keeping order, I must now add that the absence of the music does not lead to chaos—far from it—perfect harmony and almost military precision prevails, so much so, that if two Forms or files should meet and be in danger of minor collision, one will instinctively give way to the other.

The brief intervals or respites prove refreshing for both the teacher and pupil; the pupils indulge in the games of the season, and although, legitimate form is allowed, rough horse-play is not tolerated. Each week one master and one mistress superintend the play-grounds and is, therefore, on the spot to render first-aid, should anyone receive a bad knock during play. The necessary first-aid equipment is always kept convenient, but apart from the normal accidents the general good sense and good conduct of the pupils make it almost unnecessary to keep a first-aid box handy.

As in the openig of the school, so after the intervals have expired, two blasts are blown in a whistle and as before, there is immediate response. You may wonder why two blasts are sounded; well, the first is in the nature of a warning or preliminary blast: it is good for discipline and a school without discipline is like curry without rice. No matter what game you may be playing, no matter in which part of the play-ground you may be, at the sound of the whistle you must stand still and at attention, until the second blast tells you, you must now make haste to your proper file. Speaking, and of course noise are strictly forbidden after the first blast has sounded.

The school dismisses for lunch (or tiffin) at noon. This interval at which time the mid-day meal is taken lasts from 12 till 2, i. e., two hours. This long interval is necessary because many pupils may live far from the schools and it will take them a long time to reach home: some will walk, some will cycle and some will travel by bus or tramcar. Teachers having outgrown

the play-ground stage, usually spend any surplus time during the mid-day break and even after hours, correcting exercise books or doing other school work.

Corrections must be done in red ink; coloured pencil is not popular except for drawing in the Art classes.

The return of exercise books is eagerly awaited by the pupils, who are always eager or may be anxious to see the marks given for their work. These marks mean a great deal to the pupil and the teacher will discuss the more common errors collectively, so that the same errors will not be repeated. The more difficult or backward pupils of the class receive whatever personal and individual attention the teacher can give to them.

There is keen competition between the pupils and particularly between boys and girls, and this competition draws out the best in both. There are quarterly examinations for which the Headmaster prepares the papers: the teacher corrects the answers and allocates the marks according to merit. These marks are later entered upon the pupil's report form and the teacher may make a remark against certain items either congratulating good work or urging an improvement. The position the child occupies in each subject is shown alongside the mark for that subject, and after all individual subject marks are totalled, a final place in the class is fixed for each pupil.

Naturally this arouses enthusiasm and also the competitive spirit; the pupil who shows most promise in the ordinary classroom work may not come up to the expectations in the examinations, so that the comparative dullard or dunce has still a chance of moving up from his unenviable place.

After the Headmaster has scrutinised and revised the report where necessary, they are sent to each parent along with the Headmaster's own remarks; the attendance for the term is also shown on the report, and also a conduct mark.

This report is considered a very important part of school life in England; parents take a live interest in the pupil's welfare and usually take such steps as lie within their power to improve the child's education. The parents have learned, probably by experience, that education means so much in life that they wish to see their sons and daughters benefiting from the opportunities afforded them—although I said education is free it is not really so because everyone contributes towards the cost by means of rates, taxes, etc.

In the lower classes home-lessons are not compulsory. but as the child progresses through school, he or she is expected and

almost obliged to devote part of his or her spare time to study. An ambitious pupil, even at an early age, will request his or her teacher to prescribe graded home-lessons ; the teacher has comparatively little or no time to devote to individuals under the present system, and if the pupil is keen he or she will do the little extra at home which may mean a lot to him or her in later years.

In Scotland, even from the earliest stages, pupils take a note daily of work they must do at night in preparation for the next lesson. As the pupil progresses, the amount of home-work prescribed is increased, principally in English and Mathematics. Pupils, generally speaking, are eager to make progress and so long as this feeling prevails, they seldom fail.

A Second Language is not introduced in an English School until the child has passed through the complete elementary course of studies. A Second Language may be French, Latin, Greek or German, and a child is usually about twelve years of age before he or she is given a second language to study. In general, pupils show an aptitude for a new language, perhaps because this is a sign that the pupil is now 'advanced' i. e., he or she is now in the privileged position of learning a foreign language.

Apart from these advanced language classes, therefore, the medium of instruction throughout the school-life is English, which facilitates work for both teacher and pupil.

Nature Study is popular with English pupils, who are trained in the observation of flowers, trees, etc., and this breeds a respect for even a blade of grass. During the Nature Study period pupils may be taken out to the countryside for an hour and given instruction on the spot ; special note-books with blank pages are taken to enable the pupil to sketch flowers, etc., discussed. Pupils are encouraged to collect and study flowers, and everything is done to make the child observant. The order of the Nature Study notes is (i) What I did ; (ii) What I saw ; (iii) What I thought. You will see that these headings cover a very wide field and encourage the young student to be observant and to collect his observations on paper.

A somewhat similar routine is introduced into the study of Elementary Science, where simple experiments and object-lessons are popular. Such interesting and practical subjects as the following might be introduced and discussed: –

(i) Why a ball bounces. (ii) Why horse reins are made of leather. (iii) Why the wind blows. (iv) How a fountain pen works. etc. The object of these studies is to train the pupils to think. No amount of book-learning or devouring of text-books can take the place of some good, honest thinking on the part of

the student. So far as the latter is concerned, there is a definite scheme of work to be covered in the session in each subject, and the teacher has a very hard job to keep with his or her work if the class happens to have more than the normal percentage of backward pupils; such pupils reduce the efficiency and speed at which progress can be made.

In the case of History and Geography a definite scheme is followed and notes are written up weekly, based on the instruction imparted during each class. There are generally two History and Geography lessons per week and blank maps are used extensively in the Geography lesson. Pupils are thereby trained in observation and general knowledge, as they must be able to fill in the names of important towns, rivers, etc., in blank maps, of the various continents or of the whole world. A special sub-section of the Geography class is Map-Drawing and the printing of names with great neatness.

Speech interludes are popular in English schools. They come immediately after religious instruction, generally twice a week. The teacher invites the pupils to read up some current newspaper topic, memorize it briefly and be ready to talk to the class on this subject, if called upon to do so. This interlude, you will understand, is very popular with both boys and girls; it encourages and improves spoken English and dispels self-consciousness At first it is not easy for a pupil to stand up before all the others and speak without notes. To some, it comes easier than to others and some again would never make a success of this feature. Topics need not be confined to newspaper subjects, but every teacher endeavours to instil into the children a love for the newspaper. It is simple reading and keeps the child posted with uptodate developments. These speech interludes occupy a total of ten minutes during which time three pupils might speak: there are always a few who will not take active interest by preparing a 'speech' and this is always disappointing to the teacher.

(To be continued)

Need for Birth-Control.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MARGARET SANGER

By Dr. HARIDAS T. MUZUMDAR

IN the spacious, elegantly furnished parlour of the Birth Control Research Bureau, 17 West 16th Street, New York City, I saw Margaret Sanger, the foremost exponent of the birth control movement. Five years ago, on the eve of my departure for the Motherland, I had visited the headquarters of the Birth Control movement in America. Since that time their work, I learned, has expanded enormously and this expansion of activity necessitated their moving to the present large building with up-to-date appointments and equipments. Here they maintain an Information Bureau as well as a clinic and a research department.

The first question I put to Mrs. Sanger was with regard to the place of birth control in national health and wealth. She said she was glad I put the question in that form. "Birth control," she affirmed, "has a vital contribution to make both to a nation's health and to its wealth. I look upon birth control as a part of the public health programme of a country. Scientific birth control, through proper spacing of children and through prevention of conception for mothers ill-equipped to bear children, will help to insure radiant health to mothers and to the human race as a whole. In many a home the tragedy of unwanted children being born is an every day experience of our nurses—unwanted, because the family is too poor to provide for another mouth. Because of ignorance, because of lack of hygienic care, because of lack of birth control, the human race pays a heavy toll yearly in thousands of deaths of mothers at child-birth and in tens of thousands of deaths of infants before they are one year old. The relation of birth control to national health and wealth is a very vast subject, but I have given just a bare sketch of it."

Question: "As you know, we sociologists maintain that the easing of the population pressure would remove one of the causes of war. In the course of your lifelong activity on behalf of birth control, have you developed a concrete plan, applicable, let us say, to India as well as to the United States, that would promote universal peace?"

"For an answer to that question," said Mrs. Sanger, "I may refer you to my speech on the subject delivered before The New History Society in January, 1932. Let me summarise for you the salient points:—

"First of all, I would recommend the creation of a Parliament of Population in every nation, the Directors of the Parliament representing the various branches of science.

"This body to study, direct and control the population through birthrates and immigration, and direct its distribution over the country according to national needs consistent with the taste, fitness and interest of the individuals.

"The main objects of such a Population Congress would be:

"(a) To raise the level and increase the general intelligence of the population.

"(b) To decrease the population slowly by keeping the birth-rate at its present level of fifteen, decreasing the death-rate below its present mark of eleven (for the U. S. A.).

"(c) To keep the doors of immigration closed to the entrance of certain aliens whose condition is known to be detrimental to the stamina of the race, such as feeble-minded, idiots, morons, insane, syphilitic, epileptic, criminal, professional prostitutes, and others in this class barred by the Immigration Laws of the United States, 1924.

"(d) To apply a stern and rigid policy of sterilisation and segregation to that grade of population whose progeny is already tainted, or whose inheritance is such that objectionable traits may be transmitted to the offspring.

"(e) To insure the country against future burdens of maintenance for numerous offspring as may be born of feeble-minded parents, the government would pension all persons with transmissible disease who voluntarily consent to sterilisation.

"(f) The whole dysgenic population would have its choice of segregation or sterilisation.

"(g) There would be farm lands and homesteads where those segregated persons would be taught to work under competent instructors for the period of their entire lives.

"The first step would thus be to control the intake and output on morons, mental defectives, epileptics, etc.

"The second step would be to take an inventory of the secondary group such as illiterates, paupers, unemployables, criminals, prostitutes, depe-fiends; classify them in special departments under government medical protection, and segregate them on farms and open spaces as long as necessary for the strengthening and development of the moral conduct.

"Having corralled this enormous part of our population and placed it on a basis of health, not punishment, it is safe to say that fifteen or twenty millions of our population would then be

organised into soldiers of defense—defending the unborn against their own disabilities.

"The third step would be to give special attention to the mothers' health, to see that women who are suffering from tuberculosis, heart or kidney disease, toxic goitre, gonorrhoea, or any disease where the condition of pregnancy disturbs their health are placed under Public Health nurses to instruct them in practical, scientific methods of contraception in order to safeguard their lives—thus reducing maternal mortality.

"The above steps seem to lay emphasis on a health programme instead of on tariffs, moratoriums and debts, but I believe that national health is the first essential factor in any programme for universal peace."

People who have not taken the trouble to study its underlying philosophy entertain fantastic ideas about birth control. Malthus was one of the greatest benefactors of mankind, in that he pointed out the relation between population growth and the increase of the means of subsistence. To overcome the hiatus and resultant tragedy caused by what he called "the geometric rate of growth of the population" and "the arithmetic rate of the increase of the means of subsistence," Rev. T. R. Malthus advocated continence. Many people, including Mahatma Gandhi, who are interested in the well-being of the masses, likewise advocate continence. Proponents of the birth control movement recognise continence as one of the methods of scientific birth-control; but they put at the disposal of humanity other means for contraception beside continence. In essence, both Mahatma Gandhi and Mrs. Margaret Sanger are interested in improving the lot of the poor—only their methods differ: one advocates continence, the other advocates scientific birth control. The meeting of these two "servants" of the poor will be a sight for the gods.

William Cobbett.

BY V. SRINIVASAN. M.A.

"THE evangelist of the populace" was Southey's description of Cobbett, the centenary of whose death was recently celebrated (June 18, 1935). With little education beyond what he obtained for himself, Cobbett was the architect of his own fortunes and became by his vigorous writings a powerful force in his day.

The son of a Surrey farmer and the grandson of farm labourer, he ran away from his home at an early age, with a few pence, part of which was characteristically spent in bringing a copy of Swift's *Tale of a Tub.* After some false starts in life, including a brief spell as clerk to a Gray's Inn lawyer, Cobbett joined the army where, by his 'excellent conduct' as we learn, he attained the rank of a corporal. He sailed for America and was made a sergeant before he disembarked. He obtained an honourable discharge in consideration of his good behaviour, married a New Brunswick girl, the daughter of a sergeant-major, and quietly settled down in life.

He employed himself in teaching French to the emigrants, and for many years conducted a daily paper known as *Peter Porcupine's Gazette*, he being the first man to start a political journal in the New World. The outspokenness with which he gave expression to his views on the burning questions of the day defending, in the main, the institutions of England with its parliamentary monarchy as against the republican institutions of America brought him the usual reward of prosecutions and to escape the strong arm of the law he crossed the waters and found himself again in his native land. He was much sought after by Tory politicians and was encouraged by the Government to start the *Weekly Political Register* in 1802. He was a Tory for sometime, but changing his opinions, he sought to help the radicals instead, pleading eloquently for constitutional reform. It was then that his paper became a great force in the country. He fell a victim to Government's repressive policy and suffered two years' imprisonment for an attack on flogging in the army. His scathing criticism of the Irish administration of the day and his attacks on the personnel from the Lord Lieutenant downwards brought him within the law of libel and he made good his escape to the United States for another time.

He took to farming and continued his *Weekly Register* in England transmitting papers for its pages by the sea. He returned

home in 1819 soon after Peterloo and was welcomed by his friends with great enthusiasm. He became the idol of the Hampden Clubs of political reform and went on a lecture tour in Scotland and England. The hectic days of Reform Bill found him to be an indomitable pamphleteer. He became M. P. for Oldham in the Reformed House of Commons and retained his seat till his death which took place in June 1835.

Much of Cobbett's interest in English politics and social history is due to the vigorous personality which we meet with in his writings. There was not a single item of human significance that he left untouched either in the *Gazette* he conducted in America or in the *Political Register* published at home. Of his political ideas it has been said that they were " sometimes generous, often mischievous and nearly always impracticable." But there is no mistaking the zeal with which he sponsored radical views. A free press, right of public meeting, and parliamentary reform, were the things he advocated as panacea for his country's ills, and we have it on the high authority of Samuel Barnford that Cobbett's writings were read with great avidity. With a view to popularising them, the price of the *Register*, which stood originally at a shilling and half pence, was reduced to two pence, which brought it to the cottage hearth. At a time when parliamentary reform was espoused by men whose conduct excited only disgust, Cobbett grew into tremendous popularity. " Never before had any single writer in England builded such a power", wrote one who knew things, and the effect of his writings could be gauged both by the violence of his opponents as well as by the admiration of his followers.

Besides politics, Cobbett treated of art, cooking, currency, bad potato, good maize and gardening and he had much to say on the Church in his history of the Reformation in England. He wrote too a manual of village economy and grammar of the English and French languages, besides a guide book for emigrants. The fearlessness with which he dealt with the subjects is among the well-known things about him. " Shakespeare, British Museum, antiquity, posterity, America and France", it has been said, " are all either indifferent to him or objects of contempt". Tea, Scotch and Party were among his 'imperfect sympathies'. He translated Martin's treatise on the Law of Nations and planned a parliamentary history.

His was a keen intellect and he was a good speaker. We have it on record that he once defended himself in court in a six hours' speech. He was a man of conviction, a good hater of shams and could not be brought over. " No one longs for chains, though they be made of gold", was his shrewd comment when he was

offered the chair of a newspaper concern. He was a man of robust common sense and had much to say to young men by way of advice as to how a wife should be treated: " Treat her well, look after her, control her tongue if necessary and if she plays false bundle her out." This reveals a sturdy honest Englishman, and this is the picture we get in the *Rural Rides* gleaned from the page of his *Political Register.*

Cobbett's work synchronised with the Romantic Movement in England, and he never forgot the Agricultural labourer. Of peasant stock, he understood the peasantry quite well and strove to make them active politicians. Among them he preached the gospel of work in the manner of Carlyle and sedulously guarded their interests. He was the Francis Place of the English countryside. Early marriage, good house, plenty of beer, an uniform taxation, a noble church shepherding Her flock and a national militia for defence: these constituted his Utopia.

In his case too the style was the man. His style was simple, racy and unconventional and free from the taint of artificiality. Too much attention to form in style was, he said, a mistake. But he was no slip-shod writer. How fond he was of the proper word is clear from the scathing criticism he made in his *English Grammar* of a Royal Speech.

His style and mode may be regarded as a landmark in English prose style. Like Defoe whom he resembled in his adventurous career as a political journalist, he made use of the homely vernacular and has been acclaimed on that account as the last great representative of the line of Latimer and Bunyan.

G. Sankara Kurup.

By N. G. SRINIVASA IYER, M. A., L. T.

IN the firmament of Malayalam literature, Mr. G. Sankara Kurup has shot into our ken like a meteor of extraordinary brilliance and has stayed to diffuse his radiance around. He is among the few who have helped to rejuvenate and invigorate the languishing ardour in the creative life of Kerala.

The historic Kaladi, where Nature has displayed herself in a profusion of delights, is at once a poet's panorama and Wonderland. Here in her very lap, about three decades ago, was nurtured the emotional mind of a boy, a sprouting genius of tender susceptibilities. In the formative period of his life, Nature adopted him as her child and pupil. The moon shone on him in his solitary walk. The misty mountain winds were free to blow against him. The limpid waters of Alwaye spread her emerald bosom before his astonished gaze. The mysteries of the hoary past lay open for him. In after years these wild ecstasies got to mature into a soberer pleasure. That mind that was nurtured in sweet fancies has now become a mansion for all lovely forms, a dwelling place for all sweet sounds and harmonies.

Such is the subject of this sketch, the G. of his literary coterie. He owns a 'modest mansion' in the vicinity of Kaladi, the presiding deity over which is his sweet, affectionate mother, who it appears is also poetically inclined. One day, as it was already dusk, G. asked her to bring a light. With a quaint glitter in her eye, she said, "You have brought a new light into the house; well, keep it trim and bright". No more audacious compliment could a mother pay her new-found daughter-in-law.

When G., a boy yet in his teens, toddled forward into the field of Malayalam literature, it was dominated by the poet Vallathol, as is still the case. One of the foremost journals of the day was the *Atmaposhini*, edited by the great doyen himself. G. made his juvenile attempt and sent a small poetic contribution to this journal. It was an invocation to Nature, set in a striking form. Poet Vallathol, who possessed a keen and critical eye for beauty, at once discovered the lyrical charm of the verses and sent him a note of appreciation, urging him to further exercises of the kind. The youthful mind was set aflame. Recognition promotes endeavour. More and more lyrics came pouring from his pen. They were things of beauty and have become joys for ever. In elegance and finish, in beauty of form and phraseology, they challenged comparison with the best specimens in the field. Praise came from all quarters, high and low. Favour and patronage came in its wake. G. was recognised to be a poet of no mean order.

It was about this time that G. came to realise that Malayalam literature stood to gain immensely by its contact with, and assimilation of, foreign literatures. In this he struck an original path. Unlike many other Malayalam poets who, unfortunately, refused to gain a broader outlook on life by never even conceding the existence of other worlds than theirs, G. turned to fresh fields and pastures new and came at first to imbibe the spirit of English literature. Poems of Wordsworth, Shelley and Keats, above all, the well-tuned lyrics of Tagore, created a profound influence on him and led him to look upon them all as his masters.

Now his poetic thought and attitude towards Nature obtained a new glamour. After the first flush of poetic fancy had subsided, he began to look upon Nature in a different way altogether. He had so far confined himself to the external graces of Nature and described her charm and beauty, but now She assumed a more important role in weaving for him the very web of life. With Nature as background, he came to paint his pictures of love. This love of his was of a superior sort, free from the taint of sentiment or sensuality. By a mortal yearning, his love learned to ascend, seeking a higher object.

> Love was given
> Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end,
> For this the passion to excess was driven—
> That self might be annulled, her bondage prove
> The fetters of a dream, opposed to love.

The eternal dalliance of Radha and Krishna, more especially of Radha, captivated him as it had the poetic fancy of Jayadev

centuries ago. He wove the yarns of their self-denying love, now aflame, now languid, always charming, into many a fabric of song. Through the widely varying vistas of Nature's ever expanding domain were diffused the subtle harmonies of the young aspirant to poetic fame.

Reaching middle age, the poet's outlook again underwent a change. His juvenile emotions and youthful fancies sobered down, giving place to subtle and serious thoughts. He grew more intensely imaginative and reflective. Poems of fancy and colour, lyrics of fugitive love, and odes of occasional inspiration, he no longer attempted. He came to identify himself with the flower and the bee, the cloud and the sea, the sky and the star, and echoed their sweet reverberations through his songs. In G's poetry of this period we have something of the Pantheonic splendour of Wordsworth, the Promethean fire of Shelley and the cloying sensuousness of Keats. His versification and diction too underwent a corresponding change. He discarded the rigid Sanskrit metres of old and adopted in their place the lucid and pliant Dravidian metres. Then again in diction, he gave up the ponderous and the archaic and sought the simple and the direct, which alone could create the language of feeling and produce the literature of power. Thus it was he composed his new odes, the products of a rejuvenated poetic ardour.

The next stage in the poetic career of G. and a very important one at that—was when he came across the great classic, the *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.* He found spiritual satisfaction in the Epicurian philosophy of the famous Persian poet, as it tricked down through the beautiful stanzas of Fitzgerald. Translation of a masterpiece means reproducing the life-blood of the original and absorbing and assimilating it in a form and shape, allowing as little variation as possible. For one full year he worked at it, shaping and reshaping his stanzas, touching and retouching them, and brought out his unique poem, *Vilasalahari.* With this process of translation, his mental outlook again changed. It may appear strange that a poem which glorifies the pleasure of the wine, the woman, and the immediate present, should incline a poet to a mystic view of things. In fact, that was what actually happened to G. Of course, he had his differences with Omar. While the great Persian poet laments the fleeting and fugitive nature of the world and its pursuits, G, in his poem, *The Pangs of Love*, gives out the characteristic view that the shortness of human existence serves only to enhance its worth. On another occasion he says that the world may change its outward glamour as does a fleeting shadow, but the one eternal truth, the vital spark that animates it, remains for ever. Again, Omar's pessimism reacted on G.

and, strangely enough, gave place to a robust optimism. In his " Proclamation " in *Navathithi*, he says,

ലോകചിത്തം സമാക്രമിച്ചീടുന്ന
ശോകയോദ്ധാക്കളായുധം വയ്ക്കട്ടെ!
ജീവിതഹിമബിന്ദു തിളങ്ങട്ടെ
തൂവിടും സുഖസുന്ദരരശ്മിയാൽ!
ഈ വസന്തത്തിലാരാനും ദുഃഖിച്ചാൽ
ദൈവകോപമവനിൽ പതിയുമെ!

" Let the soldiers of sorrow who invest the domain of thought lay down their arms. May the dew-drop of life sparkle in the rays of comforting radiance! Divine wrath, dire, descends on him who grieves in such a spring.. .

G.'s later poems bear ample testimony to his mystic attitude towards life. In them we see that 'more is meant than meets the eye'. Nalapad and G. are the apostles of mysticism in Kerala. While the former is philosophic and appeals to the intellect through a series of riddles, the latter is emotional and appeals to the heart through a series of symbolic figures.

Besides being a poet G. is a discerning critic as well. He has offered many thought-provoking criticisms on the literatures of the East and the West. He is also a good essayist. With a captivating style, refreshingly original, he extends a witching influence on many of his imitators. On the platform, he is no less powerful. He has a rare capacity to keep his hearers spell-bound, however cultured and well-informed they may be.

G. occupies a position of considerable importance in the literary and intellectual circles of Kerala. His mental output carries with it the weight of his charming personality, the thirty-five sitting gracefully on his head, slowly turning grey.

The Windfall.

BY P. M. HARI.

IT was not the significance of the note that arrested Jagam's attention, but the fair hand that pencilled it on the margin of the book. He was filled with the idea of Vijayam; and as he glanced through the book he could only see the lithe form of the girl staring at him with an easy, innocent smile through every page. The young man tried to efface the obtrusive image and to recall his mind to duty; but it was to no effect. He was obliged to lay down the book and yield to reverie.

Brought together by accident, a secret attachment had for some time past been growing between Jagam and Vijayam. A generous sympathy in the heart of the girl and a sense of gratitude in the breast of the young man had by constant association and mutual aid and appreciation grown into an abiding love for each other. But both of them carefully concealed their feelings, for they knew that the disparity of their fortunes and social status made their union all but possible of achievement.

Jagam had been long absorbed in his reflections before he could again bring his mind to bear on this wild goose chase. Yet all the time there rang out of the hinterland of his consciousness, "It is a fruit that hangs too high for thee!"

Jagam caught the warning of his subconscious self, and in the absent-minded mood, took up his pen and wrote it down as to impress the suggestion on his mind.

He wrote: "It is a fruit that hangs too high for thee; Aspire not lest thou come to grief and fall" and scrawled his initials at the foot of it.

Writing inadvertently on a piece of paper that lay handy, he entered the lines immediately below the name, Vijayalaksmi, on the fly-leaf of the book in front of him.

The next day he returned the book to his friend, quite unaware of what he had done. When the owner opened it, the two lines struck her eyes. She read them with a strange gleam in her eyes and stowed the book away at the bottom of her trunk.

A week later Vijayam started for home. Jagam went to the Railway Station to see her off. They entered the platform gaily conversing, but when it came near the time of parting Jagam suddenly grew pale and silent. Vijayam looked at his

face and read despondency clearly written on it. She cleverly disguised her own feelings and tried to console him.

"Well, Jagam," she said with a pallid smile, "I hope you will come out with flying colours. Kindly remember me when I am away, and write to me now and then, will you?"

An uneasy smile stole over Jagam's face; but choked by emotion he looked at her silently.

"Why silent, man ?" she asked, "We shall be friends even though we part now. You'll write to me, won't you?"

"Yes, I will," stuttered Jagam. "But when shall we meet next?"

"As the Lord ordains," replied Vijayam with a cryptic smile. "But I shall write to you, you may be sure", she added encouragingly.

At this juncture, the bell rang and the guard whistled. So Vijayam pressed Jagam's hand and with quick good-bye hastily entered the carriage. Jagam slammed the door and bolted it, looking at Vijayam with a plaintive smile.

The engine whistled, groaned, snorted, bellowed and dragged the heavy train reluctantly out of the station, while the friends cheered each other waving their handkerchiefs. Jagam stood like a statue and looked on wistfully, as the train gathered speed and raced, until its red tail-light disappeared in the darkness. She was gone; his generous friend and benefactor—not to say beloved gone like a letter slipped into the postbox. When he withdrew his eyes from the disappearing train, he found himself nearly alone on the platform. He heaved a deep sigh and left the place in gloomy silence.

The young man pushed his weary steps home and went to bed in sad reverie. But the morning sun scattered all his dreams and awakened him to the consciousness of implacable poverty knocking at his doors. With the close of the academic year his scholarship had ceased ; and the income of his father, a poor Patnam Panchangi, was too meagre to maintain even the small family. So he had to look for a job forthwith. He went from office to office, and from firm to firm in the city seeking an appointment, and applied for every suitable vacancy advertised in the two leading daily papers of the place. He went round the city for over a week and getting no footing, tried to scrape out a living by doing odd jobs for the newspapers.

Vijayam's return home at the end of her college life reawakened her parents' interest in the question of her marriage. Her father had, in spite of her mother's protests, adjourned it till the

close of her education. Now that she had reached the end of her scholastic career and was sure of success in the final examination, her mother began to worry her husband about it. The age and growth of the girl, moreover, did not warrant any further delay in the matter.

One day Vijayam's mother strongly protested against her husband's indifference to the higher interests of the girl and appealed to him to expediate her marriage.

"You do not want me to give her away to a man of no birth or breeding!" burst out Nanjundayya, indignant at his wife's mistaken accusation.

"Certainly not! You must find a suitable man," replied Kamala in a shaken tone.

"I am searching, and shall get a fit one."

"I only wish you make your choice early."

"Early! When I get a good secretary we shall see her married."

"Your secretary! Your secretaries come and go every month. How long will the game last? Perhaps no one will come hereafter."

"Let us see what the latest advertisement fetches."

So saying Nanjundayya went to his office, which was only the front room of his house, and asked Vijayam to show him all the applications for the secretary's post.

Since her return, Vijayam had been acting as her father's private secretary, the last probationer having been sent away a week before. When Vijayam glanced through the application, she came upon one from P. K. Jagannathan of Patnam. She gladly took out the application with the testimonials and placed it on the top of the file for her father's perusal.

Nanjundayya, no little pleased at the large pile of applications, sat down to peruse them, confident of finding someone among them who would be eligible for a son-in-law. He read the first application and testimonials and remarked: "A Bachelor of Commerce; a prospective M. A.; the professors speak highly of him. A likely young man!" He was satisfied with the applicant and without more ado pencilled an order of appointment. Vijayam, delighted to see the order, at once typed it, got her father's signature and despatched it to the applicant.

The letter was a great relief to Jagam. But he had no money for the journey to the place of the appointment. He gratefully remembered Vijayam and regretted her absence. How readily

she would have helped him if she were there! However, he called in a second-hand book-seller and sold out his small stock of text-books. Getting enough money for his ticket he took train for Rangpur with the blessings of his parents.

He knew nothing of the place of his destination or of his employer. With much agitation and vague imaginings he travelled, and alighted next evening at Rangpur Railway Station after a 24 hours' dusty, wearying journey. He went into a hotel in the town and took lodgings there for the night.

On the morrow he went to report himself for duty. After some enquiry he found out Nanjundayya's office. When he entered it, what was his surprise to see his dear friend, Vijayam, busy at a table! With eager eyes he accosted her, and stepped towards her, when Vijayam looked up with a smile and enjoined silence on him by tapping her lips with her fingers. He was taken aback. He looked puzzled, disappointed. His friend's attitude, no less than her position in the office, was a mystery to him. However, he retreated to the threshold and stood gaping at the Library when a stout, tall, broad-faced, grave-looking man of over fifty in white lace-dhoti and shirt walked into the room. He took his seat, and looked at the young visitor with a questioning eye; while Jagam saluting him smartly, reported himself as the sectretary apppointed, producing the order of appointment in evidence.

After a little preliminary catechism, Nanjundayya told Vijayam to hand over the charge of the department to him. The friends met like strangers; and the office changed hands under Nanjundayya's eagle eye.

Soon after Jagam's arrival, Nanjundayya discovered that, though good as a secretary, the young man was not good enough for a son-in-law. His humble extraction offended the vanity and snobbishness of the burly aristrocrat, who could not bring himself to marry his daughter to a man whose life was a perpetual battle with poverty, and who had no recommendation beyond his academic attainments.

When Nanjundayya found that his attempt at securing a son-in-law through the secretarial office was a failure, he franctically set about his search for a suitable bridegroom. Blatant advertisements appeared in the newspapers; horoscopes were brought in bundles; and astrologers found a good time in his service. Proposals were made to various people and suggestions called for from friends and relatives. Nanjundayya's big bundles of Tapals consisted mostly of correspondence about the marriage. He was in the greatest haste to see his daughter married, and spent his

days and nights in trying to net a bridegroom. He found no time for anything else; and but for the clever secretary his affairs would have gone to the dogs.

While Nanjundayya was so occupied, Jagam longed to run away from the place. When he learnt that Vijayam was his employer's daughter, he became ill at ease, for he could hardly take even the liberties of a friend with her. The sight of her provoked and intensified his feelings, while their cold official meetings greatly embarrassed him.

Vijayam, on the other hand, silently swallowed her mortification and boldly smothered her heart when she saw that her father rejected Jagam. She even tried to avoid meeting him, lest her society should work upon his feelings and lead him to despair.

Jagam never expected to get Vijayam's hand; but his feelings were nevertheless strong and he soon found himself in a bed of thorns. To be near Vijayam was dangerous to him. So he awaited the earliest opportunity to leave Nanjundayya's office.

In this predicament the 'Daily Mail' brought the news that he had topped the list of successful candidates in the M. A. Degree Examination and that Vijayam followed a few numbers behind. Jagam's rank assured him of a scholarship for further studies. So the next day he offered his resignation praying to be relieved at an early date.

The resignation threw Nanjundayya into a difficulty. He could ill afford to lose Jagam at the time; but could not help releasing him. So after much hesitation and reflection he promised to do so in a week.

Vijayam's success not only filled her parents with elation, but urged them strongly to settle her marriage soon. She was well over twenty and there was no more excuse to defer the marriage any longer. So Nanjundayya became more anxious and busy than ever.

It was 8 A. M., a couple of days following Jagam's resignation. Jagam had not come to the office. Nanjundayya was at his table eagerly perusing the tapals to see if there was any acceptance of his proposal when a car drew up in front of the house. Soon his friend and colleague Ramayya, the leading lawyer of the place and the Chairman of the Municipal Council, entered the office greeting him and facetiously enquiring:

"How Nanjayya! What are you so busy about?"

Nanjundayya gladly welcoming his friend to a seat beside the table, remarked on the difficulty of getting a suitable bridegroom.

"And you have not yet finished your groom-hunting?" interjected Ramayya with a genial glance.

"And you?" enquired Nanjundayya peeping through his pince-nez.

"I have come to close my expedition," replied Ramayya.

"I must congratulate you, then," said Nanjundayya with an unwonted smile.

"What say you then about my choosing your secretary for my Gouri?"

Gouri was Vijayam's classmate and decidedly her superior in attainments and attractions.

Nanjundayya's jealousy was lashed to fury by the reference made by his friend, and with an unmistakable look of bewilderment and a strange stare, he blurted out; "I have decided to marry him to my Vijayam!"

The Soy Bean in Human Dietary.

BY T. R. SATHE, M. Sc., A. I. I. Sc., Dip. Chem. Tech.

DIETETICS to-day is not a jumbled mass of notions that it was a few decades ago. Persistent research by tireless workers in all its allied branches has made it a concrete science. Half a century ago, it was difficult even for a physician to determine the nutritive value of a new foodstuff. To-day things have changed. Whenever a new foodstuff is introduced, it is quite possible to determine its nutritional qualities quantitatively and see what special value it may have in human dietary.

No really progressive country can afford to ignore the importance of these methods in checking the dietary of its people, with a view to improving their health and wealth, by introducing new nutritive and cheap foodstuffs in place of or as a supplement to deficient diets.

Soy bean has been a staple food of China for the last four or five thousand years. During the last few decades, it has attracted the attention of modern scientists who have studied it thoroughly and found it to be a valuable food, especially as it can be produced at a small cost in almost any soil.

History. Soy bean, Soya bean, Soja bean as it is variously called, is a legume and has been botanically referred to as *Glysine Hispida* or *Glycine Max* (International) or *Soja Max* (U,S.A.). It is native to Eastern Asia, especially China, Japan and Korea, where it has been of importance since ancient times. So far as we know at present, the first description of Soy bean dates back to the Chinese Emperor, Shen Nung who ruled in 2838 B. C. and who himself mentioned it in the *Ben Tsao Gang Mu*, the ancient Materia Medica of China. The people there have fully known its high food value and it is known as the legume of milk and meat.

Towards the end of the 18th century, the plant attracted the attention of European scientists. Botanists had investigated it even as early as 1712. It was Professor Friedrich Haberlandt of the Vienna University who first drew marked attention to it in his book " Die Sojabohne " in 1873. To-day it is cultivated to a large extent in U. S. A. and Europe. It is believed that in the near future the soy bean will be one of the leading farm crops of U. S. A. Ever since its introduction into Europe chemists have made a close study of its composition and its nutritive value. The results of their investigations are summarised here.

Analytical data from over five hundred varieties collected by the United States Department of Agriculture show a range of from 12 to 24 per cent. fat and from 30 to 46 per cent. protein. The carbohydrates consist of very little of starch, not exceeding 3 per cent. The proteins of the soy bean yield on digestion a complete amino-acid mixture. Osborne and Mendel found that rats grow very normally on Glycinin (the soy protein) as the only source of protein diet. They have also proved that Cystine, Lysine and Tryptophane had to be added to any protein that does not contain them in order to make them growth-promoting. It was also found by them that if the proteins of corn, which lack the above-mentioned amino-acids, were supplemented by the protein of the soy bean, the growth of rats was satisfactory. Daniels and Nicols obtained similar results during their investigation with the soy protein. The digestibility of the protein varies between 65 and 92 per cent. The following table gives the percentage composition of amino acids in the soy protein and the protein of cow's milk: –

Amino-acid	Soy protien %	Cow's milk %
Glycine.	0·97	0·00
Alanine.	not isolated.	
Valine.	0·63	7·20
Leucine.	8·45	9·40
Proline.	3 78	6·70
Phenylala-nine.	3 86	3·20
Aspartic acid.	3·89	1·40
Glutamic acid.	19·46	15·55
Sexine.	not isolated.	0 50
Trysonine.	1·86	4·50
Arginine.	5·12	4·84
Histidine.	1·39	2·59
Lysine.	2 71	5 95
Ammonia.	2·56	1·60
Tryptophane.	1·56	1·50

The table shows the great similarity of the two proteins. Soy bean is the only vegetable protein that gives a mixture of amino-acids similar to those obtained from animal proteins. The food value of soy beans in comparison with other food products, is indicated below:—

Food	% Protein	% Fat	% Carbo-hydates	% Ash	% Water	Calories per lb.
Soy	34·0	16 8	33·7	4·7	10·8	1970
Peas	24·6	1·0	62·0	2·9	9·5	1665
Peanuts	25·8	38·6	24·4	2 0	9·2	2560
Eggs	14·8	10 5	...	1·0	13·7	720
Rice	8·0	2·0	77 0	1·0	12·0	1720
Wheat	12 2	1·7	73·7	1·8	10·6	1750
Beefskat	18·6	18·5	...	1·0	61·9	1130

Oil. Soy fat—In China the soy oil is chiefly used for food either crude or clarified. The refining processes usually aim at the production of an edible product for use as a salad or cooking oil and for use in lard or as butter substitutes. For use in the latter two products the oil has to be hydrogenated. Matthes and Dalle (1911) found the oil to consist of 15 per cent palmitic acid and 80 per cent of liquid acids. The latter are made up of 70 per cent oleic acid, 24 per cent linoleic and 6 per cent linolenic acid. The digestibility of soy oil for man was studied by Korentchewski and Zimmermann. The coefficient of digestibility was found to be approximately 95 per cent.

Lecithin. Soy contains more lecithin than other vegetable material, (1·64 per cent). According to Dr. J. Freud this lecithin is identical with that of egg yolk. (Presse Milicale No. 6, January, 1927).

Carbohydrates. The nitrogen-free extract of soy beans has been thoroughly investigated by a number of workers. It shows a variety of carbohydrates altogether amounting to from 22 to 29 per cent, depending on the variety and maturity of the bean.

Starch. Blundell and Prinsen did not find any starch. Meissel and Bocker report less than 3 per cent. Japanese chemists have not found any in the native beans. The descrepancy in the starch content is mainly due to the condition of maturity of the seeds under investigation. If they are thoroughly matured they are practically free from starch. Dr. Mann of the U. S. A. Department of Agriculture reports that the yellow varieties show some starch, while the black and brown are almost free from it.

Composition of Nitrogen-free extract.

Galactan	4·86 per cent.	Starch	0·50 per cent.
Organic acids	1·44 ,,	Cellulose	3·29 ,,
Pentosan	4·94 ,,	Hemicellulose	0·04 ,,
Invert sugar	0·07 ,,	Waxes, tannin etc.	8·60 ,,
Sucrose	3·31 ,,	Dextrin	3·14 ,,
Raffinose	1·13 ,,		

The low percentage of starch and sugar indicated above shows the high utility of the bean in the nutrition of diabetics.

Ash. In view of the importance that is attached to the mineral content of foods, several investigators have conducted studies on the ash of the soy bean. Pellet showed that it is very rich in phosphorus and potassium.

Composition of Ash.

K_2O	45·02 per cent.	SO_3	1·37 per cent.
P_2O_5	29·13 ,,	Cl	0·75 ,,
CaO lime	8·92 ,,	Insoluble	1·10 ,,
Mg	8·19 ,,	FeO	1·59 ,,
CO_2	1·70 ,,		

Ash content of the seed is 5 per cent. The ash is alkaline. Osborne and Mendell (1917) determined the mineral content of soy bean in relation to the growth of rats. As with other seeds, the soy was found deficient in minerals, especially calcium. Bowers (1919) has shown that soy bean is richer in phosphorus than all other legumes.

Vitamins. Daniels and Nichols (1917) studied the vitamin content of soy bean. They found that a diet containing 60 per cent of soy beans—the only source of vitamins—made possible the production and rearing through the suckling periods of two successive litters of young rats. It was also found that rats grew normally on a diet containing 50 per cent soy beans and that the females produced young ones at an early age. Osborne and Mendell (1917) used a diet of either soy cake, flour or cooked soy flour, with added mineral mixture, butter fat and lard. The rats were found to grow normally. The results showed that soy has sufficient quantity of water-soluble vitamins for the normal promotion of growth. Even when lard entirely replaced the butter fat for over 200 days, the subject grew normally without any symptoms of nutritive decline. This conclusively showed the presence of fat-soluble vitamins. No eye-sore common to rats lacking sufficient fat-soluble vitamins was noted. Much better growth was made by rats which received unextracted soy flour. With the possible exception of millet and flax, the soy, as at present known, is the only seed containing sufficient amounts of both the water-soluble and fat-soluble vitamins.

Enzymes. The presence of various enzymes in soy has been noted by several workers. Takuchi (1909) and others have made a special study of urease which the beans contain. The beans also contain a diastase, lipase and a protease of the peptoclastic type (Street and co-worker, 1915) and a peroxidase.

Soy bean has thus been shown to contain about 30 to 40 per cent. protein similar to that of animal tissues and consisting of the essential amino-acids like glycine and tryptophane; an oil consisting largely of unsaturated acids, and digestible to about 95 per cent; Phosporous in the form of lecithin; and both water and fat-soluble vitamins. This conclusively shows its high nutritive value in human food. With the necessary addition of minerals like lime and lactose it can be used as a substitute for milk. The soy is especially valuable to vegetarians. In the dietary of diabetics it is very highly recommended, being almost free from starch. A single foodstuff answering all the requirements of normal human nutrition is yet to be found. There is not much hope that any such may be discovered. In its absence use may be made of judicious mixture of the available

ones so as to form a balanced, nutritive food. Seen in this light, soy bean stands very high in the class of wholesome foods and is available at comparatively small cost. With the addition of starch, sugar and the requisite mineral mixture, it should make an almost complete food.

Bio-chemists and physicians all the world over believe that soy is going to be the most important food of the world in the future. In Europe and U. S. A. soy flour and its other products made in factories are on the market for human consumption. In India, as early as 1927, Major General Sir McCarrison, Director, Nutrition Research Institute, Coonoor, advocated its use in his evidence before the Royal Labour Commission. Dr. Kanga, in his paper, "Dietetics, Food and Race," recommends the use of soy beans in every home in India. He observes: "Attention is drawn here to the importance of the use of soy beans as a very nutritious article of food in our country, where the bulk of people do not use animal food."

In their pamphlet No. 8 (1935) 'Balanced Diet,' the Bombay Presidency Baby and Health Week Association observe: "The value of milk, eggs, vegetables and fruits as balancers of diet has been emphasised. As however, these foods are costly, they are not eaten in sufficient quantities by the poor. We, therefore, brought to the notice of the public the importance of soy beans, dried skim milk, bran etc." Dr. H. V. Tilak, Secretary of the Association, in a paper read before the Annual Crop Research Committee, Poona (1934) remarks:— "I attach the greatest value to the cultivation of soy beans, not as a marketable product, but as a complementary food in every household." C. J. Ferree, in his book "Soy Bean and the New Soy Flour," remarks: "It will be seen that much importance may be attached to the soy bean as a European foodstuff, the more so as during the past few years the value of phosphates in human nutrition has been fully realised. Further more, the content of vitamin A is not unimportant. Though rich in protein, they contain less than 10 per cent. water which increases their value still further. The proteins are good from the bio-chemical standpoint and can replace animal protein. Further, it may be observed, that the proteins of soy flour have the great advantage of being free from nucleo-proteins and, therefore, soya nourishment does not lead to the formation of uric acid and in consequence does not encourage gout."

The following very interesting, though very extensive, extracts are quoted from "Soy Bean as Human Food" by Dr. A. A. Horvath, Peking Union Medical College, published as Booklet Series No. 3 by the Chinese Government Bureau of Commercial and Industrial Information:—

One of the certain evidences that the soy is making good headway in the occident is the fact that about ten years ago, the French army replaced a large proportion of the meat powder in the army ration pottage by soy bean products and has used it in several forms as a part of the regular rations. Germany and Austria did the same during the Great War. In 1917 soy bean was called by Furstnberg the 'culture plant of the future' that is going to revolutionise the nutrition of humanity...... According to Bengzeller, soy flour is an ideal concentrated food for soldiers, sailors, tourists, etc. because it furnishes a substitute for animal foodstuffs which spoil easily.

In Germany the Soyama and Aguma factories were started before the War. The products were manufactured from imported beans.

The soy flour is of great value for feeding children. It was found useful in certain cases of intestinal indigestion in infants. It may be of use in cases of chronic vomiting and particularly useful as a food in summer diarrhoea.

There is a belief among the Chinese based on experience that they lead to the development of a strong resistence against general infection. It seems probable that soy stimulates leucocytosis and also strengthens the body tissues; such effect may be attributed to the fat-soluble vitamins and the high percentage of organic phosphorus as lecithin. Soy flour may, therefore, be used instead of expensive patented drugs for improving blood, or in cases of bone fractures which do not heal, loss of phosphates, nervous disturbances etc. Some French physicians claim that Neurasthenia can be prevented and treated with soy bean preparations. Prof. Kafemann recommends it in chlorosis, ānaemia, hyperthyroidism and also for alcoholism.

Hesse found that lecithin of vegetable origin does not produce obesity. The writer has proved by experiment that on a soy diet the body fat is always meagre or absent.

The deficiency of soy in sodium and chlorine and the close resemblance of soy protein and milk casein makes the soy flour a very valuable food in nephrities.

It is important to note that Nuzum, Osborne and Samsum have shown by direct experiment that a soy bean diet does not produce acidosis. The carbon dioxide combining power of blood serum, was very high on this diet. This is due to the alkaline ash of the soy bean, while the ash of other cereals is acid...... It has to be mentioned also that the soy is poor in nucleo-albuminoids, yielding xanthine bases, but contains more para nucleo-albuminoids which on decomposition do not yield purine bodies—the precursors of uric acid—but only thymic acid. Soy, can, therefore, be used with advantage by persons with predispositions to gout.

The most striking point is the fact that they contain no starch or at least very little of it. According to Freidenwald and Ruhrah (1) the soy is a valuable addition to the dietary of the diabetic on account of its palatability and the numerous ways in which it can be served, (2) the soy in some way causes a reduction in the percentage and total quantity of sugar passed by diabetic subjects on the usual dietary restrictions.

The facts cited so far are enough to convince anyone about the nutritive qualities of the soy bean. It is clear that the poor masses of India, especially the vegetarians, stand to gain greatly if its use is extended all over the country. Besides its value as a

highly nutritive food, the farmer would find several other advantages, as the plant can be used as a green manure. The oil has been found to be very useful in number of industries, like soap, varnishes, hardened oil etc. It is hoped this small account of an important and cheap food product would rouse the interest of public workers, and help propagandists and others interested in the welfare of the people.

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2. "The Soy Bean" by Charles V. Piper and William J. Morse (of U. S. A. Department of Agriculture) 1923.

Significance of Swadeshi.

[Miss. MacCarthy—in private life Mrs. John Foulds—is an Irish woman who became a famous violinist as a girl, but left the platform and became a student of the deeper significances of the arts. She spent two years in India, over twenty years ago, studying Indian music and philosophy. After a long period of work along in the west, she has returned, with her husband and family to India to help in the cultural revival. The following will show that she has refreshingly clear ideas on economical and national matters—*Editor.*]

IF I were asked, "Is not Mill Cloth Swadeshi?", as a humble student of Plato and Ruskin, I should say "no". Every lover of India should read Ruskin's "Unto this Last". Whilst it is true Ruskin was prejudiced against the East, yet all unwittingly he taught the ancient culture of the East, which the East rejects to-day! For instance, he would have taught that mills are not only a foreign importation, but they are foreign to the natural life of India. The Indian people, by nature, instinct and tradition, are born hand-weavers. Much of the greatest hand-weaving the world has ever produced came from India, and the capacity for this is still with her people, although crushed back by mechanicalism.

Machines were not given to humanity to supplant the hand, but to supplement it. Mills supplant the hands of people. They are, therefore, anti-Swadeshi. In ancient times, the machine seems to have threatened the wealth and happiness of the people, and so Manu was asked by some anxious hand-craftsmen what to do about it. The reply of the law-maker was to the effect that the machine which could be controlled by the craftsmen is desirable but the machine which could not be controlled by the craftsmen is pernicious. This, then, is the real Swadeshi conception of Mills; therefore, the fact that mills are to-day "one of the greatest and best organised of India's national industries" constitutes a national calamity. Such would have been the view of Manu, of Plato. It is the view of every true leader of industry and lover of humanity.

This law is India's law, still, because, deep down, her people have not changed. Factories--machines—except they express the law aforesaid—have no place in Indian life, and are, therefore, not Swadeshi. One cannot serve God and Mammon. Compromise is impossible; thus it appears to me that Mahatma Gandhi, in indicating that machine-made cloth is not Swadeshi, is serving God and his country. By this, I take it, he does not mean that

the machine should be excluded from civilisation. It should be used to assist, but not to hurt or destroy. Mass factory production hurts and ultimately destroys civilisation. The "march of progress " is the way to chaos '. It is very sad to see India on this way—India, to whom we should be able to turn for culture and enlightenment! As a student of national cultures, the present headlong rush towards mechanised, standardised industry, appears to me to be nothing short of national suicide.

One more dream—the dream of an enlightened India *gone West*! But this welter of machines is not the West of advanced thinkers. We also dream of our own countries, of what they might *return to*, in simplicity and humility. Will India, whose people are still so close to simplicity, turn herself away towards confusion?

I am not interested in politics, but in truth. Individuals who perceive and live-out truth are free. Nations which perceive and live-out truth, are free. "The truth shall make you free". It would appear that India which used to be a custodian of truth, now lags behind the West, which, having greatly suffered through untruth, is beginning to awaken to the realities of life. Must India suffer all that the West is suffering, before she re-awakens to that which was hers in ancient times? Do Indians seriously believe that a civilisation based on factory life is worth while? and, if Indian people must follow the West, were it not well to look to Western leaders of thought, as the West look to Eastern?

Book Reviews.

Love and Life by Elsa Tudor (Roerich Museum Press, New York.)

This is a small volume of beautiful lyrics carrying a heartening philosophy. The author is very much influenced by Eastern Philosophy which has given her a new orientation in life. As she sings in the sonnet with which the volume opens, the author sees no difference between Love and Life. Life in all its diverse forms is only a manifestation of Love. And what is this Love? It is the Creative Principle. The Creator is all Love and He is in all creation. The author perceives His light in everything and feels her kinship with all the world.

> " As I watch the dance of atoms,
> Though I seem but an earth bound clod,
> I swing to a cosmic music
> With the stars and the life of God."

And this cosmic consciousness, if it can be so called, leads her to see herself in everything including her worst enemy:

> " I turned upon my enemy--
> God! How I hated him!
> Had he not stolen wife and child,
> Spat on my twisted limb?
> * * * * *
> The cold steel on his temple pressed,
> He waked and stared at me,
> I sought the devil in his eyes—
> My own face looked at me !!"

Life, she says, is immortal and eternal, and she is not afraid of Death. She sees through Death and realizes that it is not annihilation but only change. It is only our habits of thought and feeling that make us mistake change for Death and be afraid of it.

> " There is no death but only change
> And change must often seem like death,
> For custom's shell shuts out the range
> Our growing soul must have for breath."
> " Our shell is snug; what fearful change
> Awaits us? But we must have breath :
> We break the shell—a world to range!
> A mother's wing—There is no death.

Again in the poem 'There is no Death' she sings:

> " There is no death but there is change and fear"

This fear is caused by the love of form. We are terribly shaken by the idea that death shatters the form and makes life formless. But form itself is a false notion born of ignorance. Life is really formless and free, for how can the eternal and the immortal be cooped up in any form?

> " Life tries this form that form the Self to find
> But no form long can hold eternity."

Death breaks the form but thereby only helps life to gain its own freedom.

" Fear not then any change, but with each breath
Breathe deep of love and joy ; there is no death.

Although there is not much high technique in these poems they are marked by fine imagery and delightful music. The author sings in a simple straightforward way and her songs, have the ring of sincerity. The volume is a welcome addition to the wealth of modern poetry.

New Values in Music Appreciation. By Laurence Adler. (Roerich Museum Press, New York.)

As Mr. Howard Hanson observes in his foreword to the book, the author has compressed in the short space of this small volume a wealth of valuable suggestions. Taking the subject on the broad principles of Aesthetics, the author examines the special features and technique of music with great discernment, and tells us how to evaluate it as a piece of fine art. He analyses different forms of musical compositions and shows us how to estimate each.

Although he seeks elements of permanent value in music he has an eye for all kinds of variations and elaborations, and even for elements of momentary or provincial interest. He finds ample scope for development in musical compositions but he does not appear to be favourably impressed with some of the modern departures. Innovations must have vitality to live long and must carry an appeal to men of all times and climes. The author is not much inclined to make the art narrow by importing provincialism and nationalism into it. Great Composers outlive all times because their appeal is universal.

The discussion of the relation of music to aesthetics and the syllabus of study for a two years' course in music are valuable and stimulating.

The author has given here the fruits of his life-long study and mature understanding of music, and the book will be an invaluable aid not only to teachers and students of music but also to all lovers of music. P. M. H.

Leelavilasaprahasanam (A farce in Sanskrit). By Mahopadhyaya Pandit K. L. V. Sastry, Published by R. Subramania Vadhyar, Book-seller, Kalpathi. Price as. 4.

The author of this booklet has to be congratulated for introducing into the Sanskrit literature this Prahasana in seven Acts. The whole theme of the work is so very realistic that the reader is carried on unawares and is made to move along with the characters up to the very end. The never ending quarrels between Gautama and Chandravathy over the marriage of their daughter Leela, the choice of two bridegrooms, one by the father and another by the mother respectively, without caring a bit for the welfare of their daughter, the pitiable lot of the poor girl Leela and the sympathetic attitude of the brother Satyavratha, are all very artistically and beautifully pictured, and one feels that the events depicted are taking place before his very eyes, The crisis is reached when Chandravathy steps into the scene when two sets of *Sambhandhis* are present. The humour is maintained throughout by the remarks of Vedanta Batta who derives philosophic self-satisfaction and acquisces in the marriage of Leela with Dharmaraja. The language of the work is very simple, clear and lucid.

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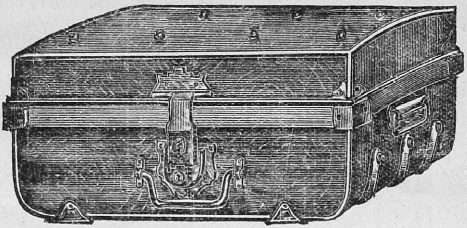

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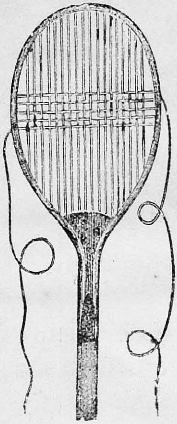

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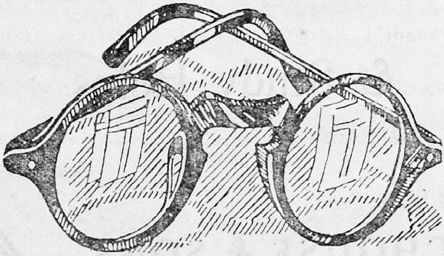

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